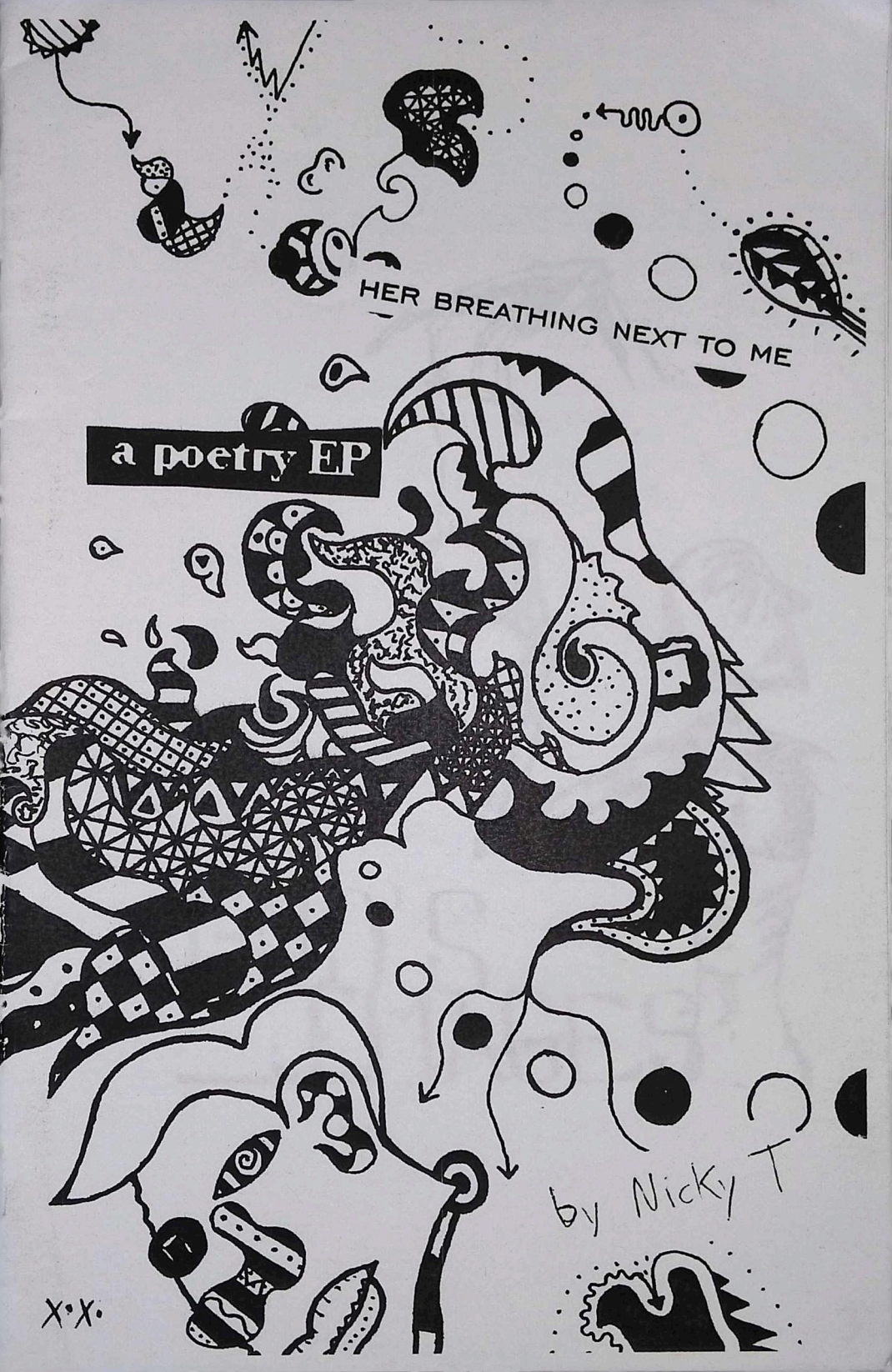

HER BREATHING NEXT TO ME
a poetry EP
by Nicky T
X·X·


GOD'S
IMAGES

From the big bang
to drug's slang
The theory of relativity is
impressive but
relatively useless
If we only explain what we can
never change

Love does not stand tall like a tree
To be cut down in a rainforest of beauty-
Count its rings of age
Its vulnerable innocence
and stand still experience
Growing-
Then becoming:
Slaughtered!
and lost!
at the hands of the guilty
To be cut down and turned into dead wood
Burned alive in the fire
Places (of our desire)
Pluming into the sky from this red fury
funneled up a chimney
Blue and black ash,
clouds, smoke and clarity to cover up the sun
So our eyes can look up

<u>NO.</u>

Love grows **subtly**,
ugly from below
Like moss taking over a slippery stone
Allowing us to walk over it safely
into the unknown
The same deep shade
as the fragile green strength of your eyes
The moss I grip and peer through
to see into your mind
That covers my heart like a stone to be thrown
How many skips it will get I do not know
BUT
I know even if your love leaves it wont
It sinks, but not down
Because down is just up upside down
And who decides which to be considered
turned around?
It floats to the deepest depths of the ocean
and
with every tidal wave above
it leaves a gentle current underneath
where our hearts like these stones will roll
in every direction

leaving fragmented traces beyond
comprehension of a yes or a no
to a place where there is no truth
and
that's why you lie
and
its this backwards constant honesty that makes
your lips taste good
and
I yearn to enjoy.
There is no reason for the things you do
And that is the reason that I love you.

Excuse me miss
Allow me to not repeat myself because
I wish to be misunderstood clearly,
To open myself up to everything
letting it in or out
Whether or not I hold it dearly
Thoughts hit me as I drive
in a direction labeled forward
By all the signs telling me when to
stop, go and turn

On a pre-set path
A concrete destiny
On command
On a full mind on an empty tank of gas
Where I pass by fake trees
Indifferently planted over devastated lands
Where I'm not weak alone
But feel stronger when you hold my hand
Instead I'm sucking on a cigarette,
the only thing I can grip
Observing people's realities revolve in a circle
(rather than unfold unevenly,
Wild in it's complexity!
like a drunk drawn line,
a map of our life
that penetrates beyond direction and time)
With a life based around making bank
It's only their eyes they thank for what they see
Thinking the army is the only place
to be all you can be
Instead I thank my fingers,
my chemical control of bones and muscles
to express

what I cannot with thoughts alone
but they still fall short of the way
I fall off this round earth.
this is my script unrehearsed,
ME! at my worst
with every feeling and reaction to actions being
my first
so raw and exposed that every touch feels good
while it hurts.
If my love were a play there would be no lines
to assemble this,
the way your eyes take me apart and realize
every end is a start
so the best I can do is write in so many words
with importance being on the spaces
in-between the lines
to be filled in with truths
if my love were a play it would be
impossible to act
the script would simply say this:

opening act: stage direction:
look her in the eyes,
step on her foot
and give her a **kiss**
let the curtains close and the real beauty exist

Actions speak louder than words
But actions are words acted out
(you heard?)
It's a matter of which came first
I haven't figured it out but give me one more verse

The mind is like a blank slate we still need to erase
Wipe away the waste chalked up by

Seven jeans	on your marks
50 mg antidepressants	3
Two for one cigarettes	2
Three dollars a gallon	1
And 6 billion served	go!

I, unnerved

Count every star in the sky but why?
It never ends so how could it begin?
It's before the Big Bang and Adam and Eve
chose to sin

I, disturbed

spelunk myself
navigating with a flashlight
on my hands and knees
crawling through stalactites and stalagmites
of truth and lies
hanging in the caverns of my mind
with water dripping off their tips
I often confuse which is which.

there's truth in every lie and no sense in time,
it lingers but won't stay longer than this line.
no way to rewind the childhood we record on video
home made tapes stacked up like it's gonna work

I, unwavering as the American flag on the windless
Moon

Use words, my scissors to clip free humanity
It's a bird's beak caught in a six pack case of apathy.
It's a let loose kite captured
in power lines of possibility.
It's an escaped&enraged silver back guerrilla
that's been tranquilized;
Sedated muscles,

but dreams still alive!
(If dreams are alive are we dead right now?)

I, defibrillate the heart beneath the rib cage of regret
and the weight of disparity

I'll be the first to admit I haven't been through shit
I've been fucked over but haven't even fucked yet
But if sex is a connection
then
I've made love to minds
With different histories but similar sentiments
I find
I've penetrated deeper than a porn star's organ
Broken the brain's hymen,
Let the blood trickle down its ripples

Let kisses be the bees
Transferring the pollen of our hearts from
mouth to mouth
Weak in the knees,
As a starving hummingbird I feed off this nectar
No one can blossom without a little help

Ain't it funny how no bomb dropped
No love exclaimed from a mountain top
Everything else is nothing compared to what I found
From you simply sleeping next to me
The profound feeling of your breathing
so calm
against the side of my cheek,
steadily inhaling and exhaling every part of me.
Fog my face like glass your fingers could write on
but there's nothing to exclaim
when the silence explains all

I'm in awe at the gentle power one can give off
The fusion of love shared splits my atoms in two
giving off a nuclear explosion I hold in
then my diaphragm resumes
the same up down motion as you.
my radiating soul gets consumed,
swallowed whole
(accepted, not chewed)
with one breath against my cheek
there's no need to ever move.
Laying motionless except your fingers
as they carefully curl around a precious thought
I dare not disturb.

my eyes sneak glances at the ways yours are shut
your lids keeping out the sun but still letting light in
my heart tingles and I know I will savor this moment
forever.
with every thought, the idea of you gets sweeter.

I didn't know angels had respiratory systems and spoke casually.

It seems they like to dance
while picking out clothes to wear
It seems they like to shower
but always have a fragrant aroma in their hair.
No need for wings, she flies rising on currents of love
unseen
Letting it rub off on others, I see
Those wounded doves sinking hopelessly
With clipped wings and broken hearts deceived by
infomercials introverted
and turned
into fossils, decayed in the earth
resurrected from tar pits of hope
we preserve and
exhibit
everything that hurts

but you've got to experience your spirit
before it can inhibit you
following one another like a caravan
behind a funeral hearse
20/20 vision and still blind to discern
there's too many inaccurate facts memorized in school
to learn
a history shaped to fit the culture
girl's starve themselves to uphold

take it as a compost pile
from where actual actualization springs.
the plumber called:
God's toilet is clogged
with more bile
than our lower intestines,
unraveled to the length
of half a mile.
give it a flush,
watch the counter clockwise swirl
of reclaimed water
go down with a smile.
I start the search for myself now
because it's gonna take awhile

Live life like we're dead and this is our
afterlife:
Free to be our own gods and mortals
Build our heaven
like architects with degrees
in hiding ourselves behind walls
tall enough to keep out those who want in
but now we're trapped inside too
so be brave enough to break them down and
Find ways to praise and bless one another
Hold each other up without letting ourselves fall
Fill the churches with those who believe in the driving
forces
of everything we can't see
(invisible and infinite)

I believe too,
I believe in the soft power of the wind
through which we blow,
Where my memories get carried faster than me
into the future
Glide along with only one constant known
that we live life on a downhill slope,
picking up speed while simultaneously
trying to slow it down

Driven by fear of hitting bottom and hoping we don't
go to Hell

I believe in the force of gravity and ourselves to hold
us back
like physical and mental oppressors
until you jump high enough
to hang on to the solid clouds
see the ground below
as the hazy,
shape changing entity
from where we rain
like six billion drops
that can't be stopped,
sorry cops but that's twelve billion eyes to mace
so
bust out the road blocks!

I don't believe in fear enough to believe in
One definitive God
To live life based around a book accepted
without asking questions
?
while the concept of religion's foundation is a matter
of faith
you can't prove with a declarative statement.

Live life like we're dead and this is our afterlife:
Our sleeping dreams being the real
And our waking world now being the crazy fairytale
Told by one coked out story teller
Yelling the tale as he goes
turns it into a tragic comedy
Frantically; where we pit humans against each other
in bloody battles using illogical logic,
blending the once separate colors
of freedom and expansion,
(please note that's expansion of empires not minds)
a gray pattern evolved from fast repeating
black and white opinions.
Man vs. Man
because we already killed God,
paved over nature,
and lost ourselves in the process of
going forward in reverse
making history the same mistakes
only progressively worse
till mushroom clouds scream
"we've had enough,
you've had your chance"

weather forecast predicts this weekend will be:
partly cloudy
with a nuclear winter
so if you commute please bring an umbrella and a
haz-mat suit

Our end filmed as a pay per view event:
covered nightly for a week on the news
till the ratings drop at the same rate of humanity
Every reporter commentating on air,
with a stapled smile
and too much make up.
styled hair that doesn't matter
when the fake tits
get all the attention
they beg for.

Flip to the end of this fucked up fiction,
started by one wrong beginning that snowballed
into a species
able to anticipate its own demise
making it a self fulfilling prophecy
if we keep swallowing our own lies.

let the shit and disgust stew in your stomach

till it!

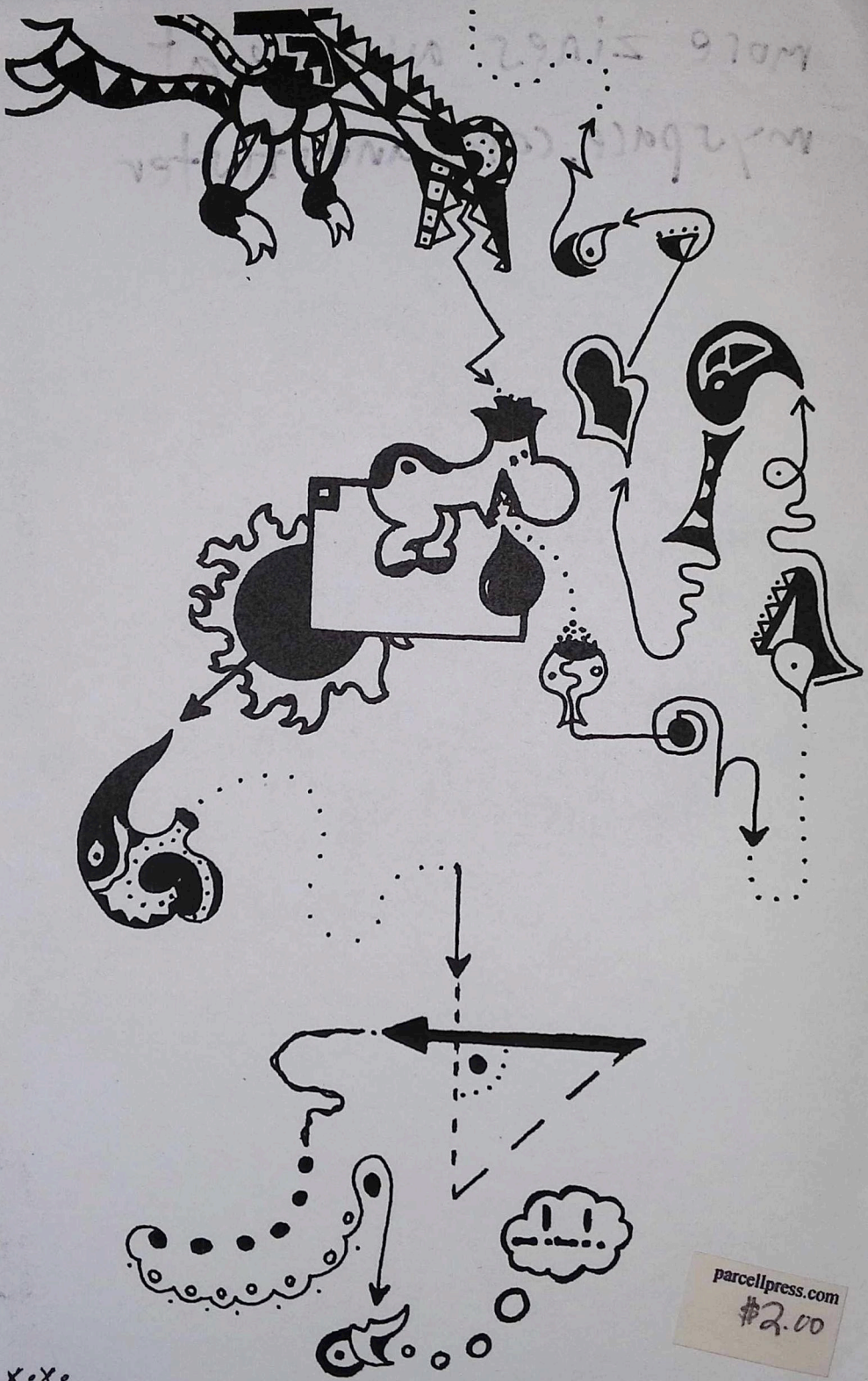
comes up and out your throat
leaving behind the rank acidy taste of despise
pop antacids
and bad acid tablets
to suppress the surprise

then spill it!

splatter the sidewalk with the chunks of digested
ugliness
and see the beauty in letting out the wrong you held
in,
turning it inside out into something new you're about
to begin

The earth filed for rape,
claimed we courted her
romantically
for a century
then made her kneel
and suck our dicks after we took
ecstasy.
What's the verdict?
It got sent to the 11th circuit
court of appeals.

more zines available at
myspace.com/anusfister



parcellpress.com
$2.00

X·X·